

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 98. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV. A NEW ALLY.

"OH, that's the way is it?" said the Doctor. "Well, I call that mean, paltry remuneration. I'd be ashamed to offer it to an apothecary! Meant for a snub, I see. Take care, my good woman, and you, my little master. So you'll go away, will you, and on a foreign tour, will you? And you won't ask me and Polly and Katey to the Tabblues? We'll see." He sat down and simply acknowledged Mr. Leader's note. He had not looked for any remuneration for his poor services; and he had such a personal regard for Mr. Leader, and they had all, in this house, begun to feel such a liking for Mr. Cecil, that he had not intended making any claim for professional attendance. But he knew it was no use raising a dispute on such a matter; and it would save trouble to all parties not to make a fuss about it. This was a very diplomatic letter, as it was consistent with whatever air he wished to impart to his connexion with the young man. To him he also wrote:

Be sure you come. We are going to have one of the old jovial nights: Billy Webber and the rest. If you're late, I'll go up for you in the barouche, greys and all, and startle your august mother. You see I must have my joke.

Yours,

PETER.

As the Doctor had anticipated, the young man made his appearance at the time named. He was a little sulky and put out.

"I knew you'd come," said the Doctor;

"but you're a clever fellow, my dear boy, to manage it in spite of them all."

"Such worry," said Mr. Cecil. "I am harassed and persecuted on all sides. And I wish you wouldn't be pressing me, and forcing me. The way I am persecuted! And they won't have it now. We must wait, you know."

"Bad policy, my dear lad; you see the thing must get wind. If it was myself I'd wait till the crack o' doom. But you see, my sweet bird, Katey. If you only knew all she has done for you, chassy'd that bothering parson's whelp, who'd just kill you this moment." Then, seeing alarm on the young man's face, he added: "Only he stands in mortal terror of you. Hush! here she is."

Here, indeed, was Katey, very sad and tearful about her soft eyes, but ready for any sacrifice, or series of sacrifices. She seemed to think, poor child, that any gratification of her own tastes and affections was quite selfish, and even wicked; and that she was brought into this world for the ascetic practices of self-denial, and the good of her family. Yet, as she entered, there was such a look of interest and sympathy in her face, that the young man's heart was irresistibly drawn to her. Polly next presented herself. Already that vivacious young lady had accepted her situation with all its awkwardness, and, as the Doctor said privately, was prepared "to rectify her frontiers in a new direction." An officer only just returned from leave had already made his entry on the Doctor's little stage; and Captain Montague, a handsome gentleman, with a sort of intellectual power that contrasted favourably with that of his comrades, was already much struck with Polly, and had made a friendship with the Doctor, whom he pronounced very fresh and original.

He admired Mr. Webber's lyrics and recitations; and here he was coming to dine with them on this little festive occasion.

The clever Doctor had seen at once, with that invariable "half an eye" of his, that this would be an invaluable, because independent, ally. He had very soon taken him into his whole confidence about the new arrangement. "You see," he said, "I am in really a most embarrassed way about it. I don't mind telling you the whole case, and you will say it is one of the most painful for me that could be. This young man was thrown with my girls; as medical adviser I could not help that. The attachment then sprung up. I did all I could to check it—warned him again and again that there would be difficulties, of which he could not so much as dream, from his own family, and the like. At the same time I said distinctly that, if he persisted, I would not let myself or my children be treated differently from any one of greater rank or wealth. Never, never!"

"Nothing could be fairer," said Captain Montague.

"Well, nothing would do, and the poor fellow even resorted to the transparent artifice of paying all his devotes to Polly; while all the time he was thinking of Katey. Nothing would check him. He has formally proposed marriage. I have a letter of his somewhere, with it all in black and white. As a matter of course, Mrs. Leader will work heaven and earth to upset the business. But I need not tell you, Captain Montague, I shall stand by my girls. No great family shall play fast and loose with child of mine. It's their own doing; no one wanted them here."

This confidence made the captain quite a warm ally. He had rather a contempt for young Mr. Leader, as being wholly unintellectual, but that young man looked to him with great awe and even admiration. Captain Montague took an early opportunity of speaking seriously to Cecil Leader. He said to him that he hoped to see him behave like a man of honour and a gentleman, and then unconsciously repeated the Doctor's argument. "You know you got into this yourself, and were duly warned by their family. If it were a ploughman's daughter, you are bound not to wreck the happiness of the girl; but this is a nice, good family—at least so I hear—one of those old Irish families, whom the political changes of that unlucky country have brought down. Now I hope

you don't mean to let any influence change you?"

"Oh no, of course not, Montague; only it is so hard. If I was let alone—but I know there will be a row, and with them all against me——"

"Well, what can they do to you—you are a free agent. You are of man's estate; nor is that the only one you have. And they are charming girls; you might scour half the drawing-rooms in London without finding others like them."

Again, Captain Montague had excited the envy of Mrs. Leader, who yearned to know him, and almost without knowing him, asked him to her house. He was going to stay there, in a day or two; and the Doctor had a suspicion that such an ally would not be unserviceable in the enemy's ground.

This little preliminary introduction being whispered, as it were, while Captain Montague comes up-stairs, he makes his entry. He is one of these pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, with no very special gifts, but possessing a general, indistinct charm and agreeability. The family were delighted with him, so was Mr. Webber, so was his brother-officer, who found great pride and comfort in his reassurances, and began, at last, to feel quite comfortable and happy, and to be very proud of his future bride, who really looked charming. On that night Billy Webber, too, was neither boisterous nor extravagant, but "kept the snaffle well down," and with his plaintive and rich tenor voice, giving out *My Own, my Sweet, Arise!* quite captivated the officer.

"I could listen for ever," said Captain Montague. "Why if Mrs. Long, of Eaton, only heard you, she'd travel from this to Paris to secure you at her parties."

They had no round, romping games, which were somehow felt to be inappropriate. They had more songs. The Doctor told a capital story which was like an act out of a comedy; and then the little supper-tray came up, and was laid on a round table drawn out of a corner, the glasses jingling like a chime of bells. Captain Montague really enjoyed himself, and his presence had, besides, that reconciling effect before alluded to on the young hero of the piece, who was pleased and proud that he had shown such penetration. Walking away with him, the captain said: "What freshness! what nature! How different from the washed-out insipidity of a London fashionable miss. Those girls would be a great success if they only got the chance."

We now shift the scene. At Leadersfort, where all the company came trooping in at dinner-time, Mrs. Leader was looking round anxiously for her son. "Oh, he had to go out and dine," some one volunteered as an explanation.

Mrs. Leader gazed in the wonderfully helpless and beseeching fashion which was habitual with her when anything occurred surprising. "Oh, really this is getting too much."

"He is gone to dine," said a young man, "with the Doctor who was here to-day, and whose knowledge may be deficient, but who has two of the prettiest daughters doctor ever had."

This speech caused a certain furore. Old Dick Lumley, still beside her, raised his eyes from his soup significantly. "A dangerous fellow this," he said. "No decency—carry his point any way."

"Low, scheming creature," said Mrs. Leader, in a growing tumult of anger and dismay. "What are we to do, though?" And she said this, much as one might think of calling in the police for help.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Lumley, "the only way to check these sort of people is by not seeing them, overlooking them utterly, and decline to go into their case, even if they had it written on posters covering all the dead walls. See it at no price. Then send the lad away. I'd get him leave of absence; the colonels are always glad to protect their young fellows. And the next thing I would do would be—marry him off out of harm's way."

"Indeed it would," said Mrs. Leader; but all the rest of the evening she was very distraite. She noticed that the general and her dear Mysikins were rather cold and hurt. They did not understand this desertion.

Presently Mr. Cecil returned and went to his room without joining the company. In a very few moments Mrs. Leader had sought him there, her dull eyes flashing, her chicken skin looking more yellow from excitement. Mrs. Leader, decked with flowers in imitation of the gaudiest produced by nature, hung about with costly and flaming satin, and wreathed with smiles, was a fine and wholesome reminder of mortality and decay. She was now in one of those ungovernable furies which with her were like disease.

"What is this? What is the meaning of this—this idiotic folly? How dare you leave the house and my guests?"

The shrinking youth listened for a mo-

ment a little appalled. But he recalled some hints of the Doctor.

"Oh, dare, indeed! You shouldn't speak in that way. I am an officer, not a child."

"I don't care what you are. You and your low degrading tastes, disgracing us all! What do you mean? What folly is in your head? Are you going astray again?"

The youth coloured. "That's nice of you to allude to that. I'll do as I like."

"Then I'll make your father do as I like; so take care. Your sister would make a nice heiress. Come back into the drawing-room, and make up to them as well as you can. You'll have them all laughing at you, and saying you are half-witted."

"I don't care what they say. I know what others of the first sort think of the Findlaters. They would do honour to any drawing-room in London. I'm sure there's not so much difference between what my father was, a poor barrister, and a doctor. Beside he's of one of the oldest Irish families, who were princes——"

"Stop, stop," said Mrs. Leader, stamping her foot; "you sicken me. It is disgusting to hear you talk in this way. Here you are with your splendid prospects and this house full of nice people, and a charming girl with the best connexions waiting for you, and you wasting your time in a childish flirtation with a low, mean fellow's daughter, a mere adventurer, a country-town apothecary, who had to fly from his own country in disgrace!"

"It's not true! That's only some of the lies with which he has been persecuted. And I'll tell him that these things are said, and he'll disprove them."

"I know you will not be so mean as to betray what your own family say," she answered, a little alarmed. Then changing her tone: "Now, my dear Cecil, what is the use of wrangling in this way? I don't mind you admiring any pretty girl, if you do it quietly and without this outrageous publicity. But you know what we have all settled for you. And it would be a cruel disappointment if they took huff and felt themselves insulted, and left the place. Every young man of course admires a nice girl, but he don't let it interfere with the real, serious business of life. Come, my dear boy, you are a man of sense, and have knocked about the world in a cavalry regiment, and know what I am saying is truth, and you may depend upon it."

This struck a chord, and the uncertain youth looked at her with a curious look in his eyes, half cunning, half pleased. He

might after all conciliate every side. There was no hurry—no need of precipitation. So he made some grumbling excuse for giving in, and suffered himself to be led into the drawing-room. Mrs. Leader made some ingenious excuses about him to the general. "He was under great obligations to this Doctor, and we are obliged to be a little civil;" and everything went happily for that night.

#### CHAPTER V. MRS. LEADER CHECKED.

THE next day, at breakfast-time, when the letters were delivered, Mr. Peto gave a cry of anguish, as he read his own.

"They can't come; was there anything so wretched? It's always the way."

One would have thought it was some terrible calamity that had overtaken him; but it turned out to be a disappointment on the side of those coryphées of polite society, who had lost their aunt, and could not accept an engagement for some weeks. "That old Lady Turbutt, it was just like her—always dropping her smelling-bottle on the stairs, and blocking the way up and down for an hour while it was looked for." Couldn't he get some one else? No. The wan hues of despair settled on his cheek. He was in a tumult of agonised thought, very much as when a cotillon had gone hopelessly wrong, and the dancers had lost their heads.

At dinner that day there were Captain Montague and Colonel Bouchier, and the wail was renewed.

"Good gracious," said Captain Montague, "I know the very thing; something that will do better than fifty of those St. Maur girls." Mrs. Leader was all gratitude. "Two of the prettiest, most piquant girls," he went on, "I ever met in all my life. And not a hundred miles from this place. Charming, refined, elegant, witty, fresh, and natural."

"Hallo, Montague," said Colonel Bouchier, "you are warming up, and now I know. Yes, uncommon nice girls, I say."

"Who are these treasures?" asked another.

Captain Montague replied gravely, and with "intention," while all the table listened.

"The daughters of Doctor Findlater, the physician of the town. It is long since I have met such a charming pair, and, though brought up in a country town, they would make a sensation in any drawing-room. You could not do better than

have them, for they are as clever as they are pretty."

"And don't forget Fin himself, ha! ha!" said the colonel; "as jovial a fellow as ever dined out."

Cecil Leader looked round with pride. This valuable and opportune testimony made his cheeks flush. There are weak natures for whom the admiration of others is the true test of value. He felt proud.

Mrs. Leader was much discomposed. "Oh, out of the question," she said. "They are very nice people, I am sure, but we shall find plenty."

"No," said Captain Montague; "I have a pretty wide experience of society, and I should say Peto could not find any people more suited. They are quite out of the common, you know."

Old Dick Lumley always gave aid to the lady of the house on principle. "My dear Montague, you have only been back a few days. You can't have known these people long, that you are justified in speaking so rapturously of them."

"Well," said Captain Montague, sharply, "if it were necessary to hold strict competitive examinations as to the merits of all the people we meet, life would be too short. No, there is an instinct by which we know the right sort. As Peto is manager and director-general, and would have engaged the St. Maurs, I tell him he could not do better than secure these two young ladies. I dined there yesterday, and say again they are perfectly charming."

"Oh, I declare," said Dick Lumley, laughing, "this is very serious. Montague is caught."

The party then broke up. Mrs. Leader said not a word, but smiled, in her simpering way, on all around. This was her great resolver of all doubts, and gave her time to think, for she was not at all ready and decided. But when the company had dispersed, she drew Cecil into her boudoir with Mr. Leader, and, shutting the door, confronted him, her back to it, and her face contorted with anger.

"This is all arranged by you—all some of the plots of that low Doctor's. Speak to him, you are his father. Tell him that girl shall make him a beggar first, before we listen to such a thing."

"Indeed, Cecil, it is very wrong and foolish——"

"That's the way to speak to a fool, isn't it?" she said, contemptuously. "You are a fine person to be at the head of an estate! Then I tell you and I tell him,



we'll not have it. I'll not admit those low schemers into my drawing-room. D'ye hear: and tell them so from me, if you like."

"Oh, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Leader, "that would be foolish. It seems absurd making a hubbub. I know Cecil will take a sensible view——"

With a trembling voice the young man answered: "If they don't come, I won't. There, I'll leave the house at once, and go back to my old lodgings. Or I'll go and stop with them. I won't have friends of mine insulted. So do as you like." He looked at them both, half trembling, frightened at the sound he himself made.

She saw that she had gone too far, and what our Doctor would have called "a smile for which th' hyena sat to her" was allowed to play over her face.

"Don't forget your respect, Cecil, to me," she said; "though your father would stand by and allow me to be spoken to in any way. I mean all for your good, and though I know you may like a little flirtation and all that, still——"

"I tell you they must be asked. You see Montague says so, and Colonel Bouchier. I won't have them insulted before the room."

Mrs. Leader thought a moment, and then said: "Well, as it is your wish, with all my heart. As you make it a point, be it so."

She went away very thoughtful, and sought Mr. Peto, whom she told that she had resolved on giving up the tableaux.

"There were so many difficulties in the way," she said, so helplessly and piteously, one would have thought it was some poor persecuted young girl. The gentleman was terribly taken back, and put out; but Mrs. Leader had no difficulty in dealing with a person like him. They would confine the entertainment to a ball simply, "when the summer came on," she said, sweetly, "if he would be kind enough to come and help them to get it up."

She then went straight to Colonel Bouchier, who had not yet left the house, and got him into a confidential talk.

"I want you to do something for me, dear Colonel Bouchier," she said, with a coaxing, fascinating appeal, that almost made him laugh; "and you must help me. I know you will."

The colonel, with a "Ha, ha, ha!" dropped into a chair beside her, and listened. It was this. He knew the terrible illness dear Cecil had gone through; with what difficulty he had been saved from the jaws

of death. He must have change of scene and air at once, without a day's delay.

A curious look came into the colonel's face. "But the man's quite well," he said—"flourishing. That clever fellow Fin set him on his legs. Besides, can't spare him now; half my juniors are away. He has had leave all this time."

"Oh, but you could not let that stand in the way of his health. I assure you it is more than necessary."

"Doctors don't think so—neither Gamgee nor Findlater."

"Doctor Findlater has nothing to do with him," she said, angrily. "He is quite unauthorised by us in any way."

"Then he ought to be very grateful to Findlater. I assure you, ma'am, he owes his life and present good health to the Doctor. Change of air! My dear Mrs. Leader, nonsense—in this fine park, where he can canter about as much as he likes! By-and-bye, when he has done a little work for us, we'll let him go. But it wouldn't be fair to the other officers."

As the colonel rode down the avenue he gave many a "Ha, ha, ha! Very good!" And when he got out on the road, he said, aloud: "Peter's a good fellow, I'll stand by him and his pretty girls."

## FRONTIER TOWNS OF FRANCE.

### STRASBOURG.

THIS city, the capital in old times of the half German province of Alsace, and now the capital of the department of the Lower Rhine, boasts its five hundred cannon and its eighty-two thousand inhabitants, and is one of the strongest fortresses in France. It stands on the Ill, about a mile and a half from the broad Rhine, and the stream beside which it is built intersects it with many channels.

Louis the Fourteenth, in 1681, always unscrupulous in his ambition, got possession of Strasbourg, which was then a free imperial town, by an unexpected foray upon it during a time of peace. It was the ambition of France even then to extend her Rhenish frontier and push Germany further back. Vauban instantly set to work to secure the conquest by strengthening what was weak, and increasing what was already strong. He built a pentagonal fortress or citadel of five bastions, besides five sluice-houses, whose outer works extend to the arm of the Rhine. He gave this stronghold—which will hold seventeen hundred and fifty men—the motto, "Servat et observat."

He also constructed large sluices at the spot where the Ill enters the town, so as to lay the whole country round, between the Rhine and the Ill, under water, in case of need. On the side of the Porte-des-Mines, which could not be inundated, the glacis was mined. The arsenal contains—or did before the present war—arms and equipments for nearly four hundred thousand men, and it has also nine hundred and fifty-two cannon, including the five hundred and fifty required for the ramparts and for the citadel. To all these resources of the semi-German town, facing the Duchy of Baden, we must add a cannon foundry, which every year produces three hundred pieces of artillery of various calibres, and boasts one furnace that will contain twenty-six thousand four hundred kilogrammes. The town, as a military centre, also possesses eight barracks, sufficient for the accommodation of ten thousand men, a military hospital built for twelve or eighteen hundred beds, and used since 1814 as a military hospital school. The stronghold is also the seat of a regimental school of artillery, under the command of a general. It is impossible for the traveller to forget, when in Strasbourg, that the town is an important fortress, for all the seven gates are shut in the winter at eight, and in summer at ten o'clock, though diligences are allowed to enter later, as well as travellers by post or steamboat.

The greatest modern event that has taken place at Strasbourg was the wild attempt at an insurrection made in that city by a certain Prince Louis Bonaparte—a man not yet altogether forgotten—on the 30th of October, 1836, the year Charles the Tenth died. The misguided prince, son of Louis the ex-King of Holland, had been educated in Switzerland, and was a captain of artillery in the army of that country. Having entered into a treasonable correspondence with Colonel Vaudry, of the Strasbourg garrison, who gained over a few of the men, and filled the adventurer's mind with too sanguine hopes, the prince came to Strasbourg to fire the train and try for the throne. On the morning of the 30th of October, the prince, dressed as like his uncle as possible, and wearing decorations and a cordon-rouge, proceeded to the barracks. The zealous colonel, assembling his men instantly, told them, with great alacrity in lying, that there had been a revolution in Paris; that Louis Philippe was no more; lastly, that Napoleon the Second, a descendant of the "great man," had been

proclaimed; and that there, in fact (pushing forward the prince), he stood before them. The coup de théâtre succeeded for the moment. The soldiers, pleased at the remarkable attention paid to them by the new emperor, shouted and followed him as their commander. The prefect was arrested in his bed, and a guard was placed over him. A body of the mutineers, led by a Colonel Pargin, then marched to the house of General Voirot, the commander of the division, and requested his allegiance to the new chief. The general, however, calmly addressing the soldiers, soon convinced them that they had been tricked. The general, being then set at liberty, at once secured the citadel.

In the mean time, the emperor of an hour and his zealous colonel had proceeded to the barracks of the Forty-Sixth Regiment, and tried the old plan. But an aide-camp of General Voirot gave notice to the colonel of the regiment, who, going to the barracks, found the prince and his plotters reasoning with the soldiers, and trying to gain them over. The colonel was prompt; he at once closed the gates, and trapped the whole party. General Voirot then, having released the prefect, came down from the citadel, and carried the prince and his accomplices straight to prison. The minor conspirators were tried and punished, but the arch plotter, treated in a generous and somewhat contemptuous way by Louis Philippe, was packed off from L'Orient to the United States, on the 21st of November, in a French frigate. Singularly enough, a similar attempt was made at Vendôme on the very same day by a hussar sergeant, who wished to proclaim the rights of man, arm the pioneers, and march on Tours. He shot a brigadier who tried to arrest him, and then gave himself up. He was condemned to death.

The choicest promenades of Strasbourg are beyond the enceinte. The two finest are called the Contades and the Robertsau. The latter is composed of huge lawns, intersected by walks designed by Le Notre, Louis the Fourteenth's great gardener, of a splendid orangery (twelve hundred trees), where the Empress Josephine lodged in 1806 and 1809, of an English garden, a suspension bridge that leads to the Isle of Wacken, and of a smiling and coquettish village.

The two great celebrities of Strasbourg, besides the immortal but unknown discoverer of the pâté, are Kleber, Napoleon's general, and Guttenberg, the supposed dis-

coverer of printing. A monument to Kleber stands in the centre of the square named after him, and is raised over the hero's body, originally interred in the minster. This brave man, who, after many victories in Egypt, was assassinated by an Arab fanatic under a tree still shown in a garden at Cairo, was much esteemed by Napoleon. "Kleber sometimes sleeps," he said; "but when he awakes it is the awaking of the lion." There was a little of the German unreadiness and phlegm about this brave Alsatian until battle roused him. He was never seen at his best but when under fire.

Gutenberg, who practised printing as early as 1436 at Strasbourg, perfected his invention at Mayence. His assistant, Peter Schöffer, who made metal letters with even greater success than his master, was a native of Strasbourg. The statue of Gutenberg, in the herb market, now called the Place Gutenberg, was modelled by David.

But the wonder and delight of Strasbourg is the cathedral—one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. Founded by Clovis in 510, reconstructed by Pepin and Charlemagne, destroyed by lightning in 1007, it was rebuilt in 1015 by Erwin de Steinbach, and finished in 1413 by Jean Hultz, of Cologne, after the tower had been four hundred and twenty-four years incomplete. According to tradition, ten thousand workmen toiled at the holy work for the good of their souls, "all for love, and nothing for reward." An epitome of Gothic art, this cathedral contains specimens of every style, from the Byzantine upwards. Heaven send it a safe deliverance from Prussian shot and shell; let the gunners aim wide of that noble, heaven-piercing spire, which, according to the best guide-books, rises four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement—that is twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid—and sixty-four feet higher than St. Paul's, the body of the church itself being higher than the towers of York Minster. The view from this network of stone repays the giddiest person. Beyond the dull red roofs, and the high-roofed and many-windowed houses, spreads the whole country of the Rhine and Black Forest, and on the side of France you see those Vosges Mountains, that might have been held against the world. Hope describes the netting of detached arcades and pillars over the west-end of the cathedral to be like a veil of the finest cast iron, so sharp and bright is the carving of the durable stone; while Dr. Whewell, comparing the building to an edifice placed under a rich open casket of woven stone,

laments the sacrifice of distinctness from the multiplicity and intersection of the lines. The triple portal is peculiarly fine, and is in itself a world of quaint statues, and bas-reliefs. The middle arch is adorned with no less than fourteen statues of the Old Testament prophets; on the right arch are the Ten Virgins, and on the left the Virgins treading under foot the Seven Capital Sins. In the Revolution these carvings were destroyed, and the great brass doors melted down into money, but they have been restored with a most reverential care. The choir is plain and simple Romanesque, but the nave is the choicest early decorated German Gothic. The town's special treasures are the fine stained windows of the fourteenth century, recently restored (spare them, gentle gunners), the vast marigold windows, and the famous astronomic clock, one of the wonders of Europe, comprising a perpetual calendar, a planetarium on the Copernican system, and shows the hour, the day of the week, the month of the year. It was made in 1571, and, after standing still for fifty-six years (a good rest), was repaired in 1842 by a mechanician of the town. This part of the cathedral is supported by a single pillar of great symmetry, and above the Gothic cornice appears the effigy of Erwin de Steinbach, the architect of this vast building, whose tombstone was discovered, in 1855, in a humble little court behind the chapel of St. John. In an old house at the south-west corner of the Minster Platz there are preserved some curious ancient architectural drawings belonging to the cathedral.

The church of St. Thomas (Protestant) deserves a visit for its fine monument of Marshal Saxe, which cost the sculptor, Pigalle, whom Louis the Fifteenth employed, twenty-five years' labour. It represents the old warrior descending to the grave. France, a female figure, tries in vain to deter him, and at the same time to repel Death. Theatrical, say the critics, and French, but the expression of affection and anxiety in the woman's face is very tender and touching. This monument would have been destroyed by the revolutionary iconoclasts, had not a Strasbourg man named Mangelschott, when the church was turned into a straw warehouse, covered it up with bundles of hay. They also show in this church the mummies; curiously preserved, of a Count of Nassau Searwerden and his daughter.

The Jews of Strasbourg have now a splendid synagogue. In the middle ages they went through much here. In 1348

there was a wholesale holocaust of these poor wanderers, for two thousand of them, suspected by the ignorant citizens of poisoning wells and fountains, were burned in the Brand Gasse, where the Prefecture now stands. Rage and fear had seized the people, and no Jew was henceforward allowed to sleep within the walls. Every evening, at the signal of a horn blown on the minster tower, the detested people were compelled to depart to their houses in the suburbs. The new church contains fragments of a Dance of Death, that grim allegory carried at last to a climax by Holbein.

The Academy, originally a Protestant school, formed in 1532, and made a university in 1621, was suppressed at the Revolution. Here the good Oberlin and Schöpflein and Schweighauser, and last, but not least of all, Goethe, studied. Goethe took his doctor's degree here in 1772. The Museum of Natural History is rich in Alsacian fossils, especially those of red marl and trias, and the fossil plants found at Sultz-les-Bains and Mulhausen. The botanical collection includes a section of the trunk of a silver fir from the Hochwald, near Bair; its diameter was eight feet, its height one hundred and fifty.

The public library, near the new church, contains one hundred thousand volumes (be merciful to these treasures, too, O amiable artillerymen! Among the priceless curiosities are the Landsberg Missal, or Garden of Delights; it is full of early Byzantine miniatures, circa 1180, and belonged to Herrade, Abbess of Stohenberg. Among the early printed books are Cicero, by Faust, 1465, a Strasbourg Bible, by Eggesteur, 1446, and a Mentchin Bible, printed at the same place in the same year. In the two halls are stored some Roman antiquities found in Alsace, the old town standard of Strasbourg, a statue of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and some painted glass from Molsteins. The hope that all these treasures may escape the chances of war will not be confined to students alone.

#### DAINTY BREAD.

WHO first invented muffins, and who gave them that name? There is no subject so trifling that men need despair of getting something curious out of it in the way of information, if they only seriously set themselves to work. No sooner was the above question submitted to Notes and

Queries, than many little boxes of knowledge were opened to aid in a response. If we find that muffin is not in the early editions of Johnson's Dictionary, there is a sort of negative evidence which may induce us to search further. Technologically speaking, an English muffin is made of flour, yeast, salt, and water, without any sugary or buttery addition; separate portions of the dough made with these ingredients are allowed to rise, or ferment, and are baked on a heated iron plate, being turned to allow each surface a fair share of heat. A muffin is, therefore, a small loaf of leavened bread, dainty or fancy bread, although we do not call it such. Now, in every corner of the civilised world cakes or flat loaves of some such character are to be met with; therefore, the first origin of the thing itself is hopeless to search for. Given, the meal, the water, and the hot iron plate, and you make your cake in numberless ways—by varying the kind of corn, by using or omitting yeast, and by adding any among a multitude of other ingredients. One form of Scotch scon or scone, we are told, is made of oat grains steeped in water till they ferment, then boiled to a paste, and then poured on a griddle to bake. In Holland there is a kind of cake sold at booths in fair-time, made of flour and water, fermented for three hours, poured on heated tongs grooved with deep furrows, clasped in the tongs, and kept a short time until baked; they come out shaped something like the portcullis of an ancient castle, and are eaten with sugar or honey. Our method of cutting open muffins, toasting and buttering them, is not everywhere orthodox; in America they are eaten hot from the oven, without toasting or buttering.

Mr. Urquhart, when travelling in Morocco about twenty years ago, was surprised to find something very like our familiar muffin, and even the familiar muffin-bell. "The day we landed at Kabat," said Mr. Urquhart, "we heard a little tinkling bell through the street, just like the four o'clock muffin-bell in London. One of the party asked if it was tea-time among the Moors; and the others laughed, thinking it a good joke. There was no joke in the case. These cockney cakes are just as common there as within the sound of Bow bells; they were served for breakfast in Barbary when Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour had for theirs beefsteaks and ale, or herring and bread-and-cheese. They are a little larger than those in London, and exactly the picklets of the midland



counties." But the muffin of those parts is more savoury than ours; it is immersed in butter (by the Moors), or in oil (by the Jews), and then dipped in honey—we presume after the baking.

As to the origin of the name, one theory is that *mou-pain*, soft bread in old French, has become gradually changed to muffin. But Mr. Urquhart would not accept so simple an explanation as this. He went back to very ancient days indeed, and found that Athenæus made mention of the Phœnician *maphula*, a kind of cake baked on a hearth or griddle; from whence come other derivatives, somewhat in this order: *Muphula*, *mufula*, *mufun*, muffin. Then there were *muphius* and the Hebrew *moph*, both brought into requisition. Moreover, Mr. Urquhart ranged over the whole scope of the ancient world, and of oriental countries in modern times, in search of cakes that could with any degree of reasonableness be compared with muffins. He met with the *sfen*, the *lackmar*, the *lackmaringof*, the *diebroddapson*, the *gassi cadaëf*, the *del cadaëf*, the *youfka*, the *kuladj*, the *khebes*, and the *neidah*; and he discoursed about them all in a manner that would gratify any muffin-man of inquiring mind.

The *crumpet*, as the slim and slender sister of the muffin, is always associated with it by the bakers and dealers; though differing somewhat in character, seeing that, while muffins are made of dough, crumpets are made of batter. The batter consists of fine flour, yeast, and milk, or (in inferior kinds) water; it is poured into a shallow, circular, heated iron pan of suitable dimensions, and baked. Ask your doctor whether you may eat much of this luxury, especially if saturated with butter; you will not have to wait long for an answer. Some authorities opine that crumpet comes from the French *crumpâte*, a paste made of fine flour, slightly baked; and that the first syllable, *crum*, may possibly have something to do with the crinkled or crimped appearance of the surface. Indeed, *crum* is nearly the form of an Anglo-Saxon word for crinkled. The Spaniards have crumpets, but call them by a very different name, *boñuelos*.

Who first made pancakes, and what is the pancake-bell? Here is another dainty bread question, which leads up to results quite as curious as those relating to muffins. An English pancake, in our own day, is known to most of us. It is not bread, in our estimation; it partakes rather of the

nature of pastry; it is not considered correct at breakfast or tea, but quite so at dinner. Some say that the first pancakes were made before the invention of ovens, and that they simply belong to the general family of flat cakes, baked on hot iron plates, or in iron shallow pans. Very nearly five hundred years ago, there were pancakes made in England under the name of *comadores*, which must have been toothsome and tempting; the flour was mixed with figs, raisins, and wine, and the cakes were fried in oil.

But the speciality of pancakes is the Shrove Tuesday celebration; and, more special still, the ringing of the pancake-bell at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day. There is a meaning here, no doubt, if we could only fathom it. Two centuries and a half ago, or thereabouts, there was a quaint writer known as Taylor the Water-poet, who had his little biting satire against everything and everybody. Pancakes, as well as pancake makers and eaters, came in for a share of his notice. He says that on Shrove Tuesday, "when the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, there is a bell rung called the pancake-bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity. Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical, magical enchantments; and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dinned hissing (like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron), until at last, by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a slip-jack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour most greedily." Certainly the people did, and do, devour the pancakes willingly, if not greedily; but they by no means regard them as ominous incantations. Eleven o'clock, too, has still something to do with this matter. In many parts of the centre and north of England, the church-bell rings out at eleven o'clock on Shrove Tuesday. Such was the case at Doncaster old church, before it was burned in 1853, and such may possibly be the case in the new church. In all these instances it is called the pancake-bell; in some towns it rings in a holiday for the apprentices, in others for inhabitants generally. There is one parish in the north where all the apprentices whose indentures have recently expired

assemble in the belfry steeple, and in turn ring the bell: the sexton receiving a small fee from each lad; and at the sound of the bell, all the housewives in the parish begin to fry pancakes. There are schools in which the master, at eleven o'clock on the eventful morning, will say to the youngsters, "Now, boys, the pancake-bell is ringing; go home and help your mothers to make the pancakes." Nay, even at the dignified Westminster School, there is a pancake ceremonial on this day. At eleven o'clock on Shrove Tuesday, we are told, one of the vergers of the Abbey goes into the school kitchen, and presently emerges with the head-cook, the latter carrying a thick substantial pancake in a frying-pan. Entering the schoolroom, the verger announces "The cook!" Studies are suspended, and all eyes are turned upon the cook, conspicuous by his white apron, jacket, and cap. Advancing to the centre of the room, he approaches the elevated bar which separates the upper school from the lower. Twirling the frying-pan dexterously round, he aims to throw the pancake over the bar; if he fails, the boys pelt him with books; if he succeeds, he obtains two guineas from the Abbey funds—therefore he makes a point of succeeding. Then comes a struggle. If the pancake is broken into fragments during the scramble for it, no reward ensues; but if one boy can carry it off safely to the deanery, the dean gives him a guinea. We may safely surmise that the pancake is purposely made thick, tough, and strong, to bear this strange ordeal.

But how about the origin of all this? There is a popular theory in Mansfield and Sherwood Forest, connecting the pancakes with the old days when the Danes ravaged that part of England. When the Danes reached the town or village of Linby, all the Saxon men of the neighbouring villages ran off into the forest, and the Danes took the Saxon women to keep house for them. The women, by secret agreement with their countrymen, undertook to murder their Danish tyrants on the ensuing Ash Wednesday. Every woman who agreed to do this was to bake a pancake on Shrove Tuesday, as a kind of pledge to fulfil her vow. Everything took place accordingly: the pancakes were made on the Tuesday, and the Danish tyrants put to death on the Wednesday. A very good story this, from a Saxon point of view; but there is another, much more cogent and reasonable. In the old Church days, when the Lenten fast was a serious

matter, the church-bell summoned the people to shrove, shrift, or confession on the day before Ash Wednesday, as a preparative to Lent. And either the same bell, or another ringing on the same day, set the housewives busily to work, to use up all the dripping, lard, and grease in the house; pancakes were made in store, and a jollification ensued, to mark the transition from feasting to fasting. Such, it seems, was the origin of the pancake-bell.

And who invented hot cross buns? Here is another query, another crotchet, relating to dainty bread. Cotgrave, one of our old lexicographers, spoke of "a kind of hard-crust bread, whose loaves doe somewhat resemble the Dutch bunnies of our Rhenish wine-house." Now this is a noteworthy point; for the hard-crust bread, taken with wine, more resembles wine biscuits or wine rusks than our soft buns. There are Scotch buns, made and eaten chiefly at Christmas, with a very hard crust, something like those apparently here adverted to; a soft English bun would be rather called a cookie, or cooky, in the north. Some buns, containing coriander seeds, and eaten with honey, resemble (though larger) the altar bread used in some countries in former ages.

The hot cross bun, however, is admittedly associated with the most solemn day in the Church calendar. There was at one time a superstition that bread baked on Good Friday possessed special virtues; some of it was kept all through the year, under a belief that a few gratings of it in water would be a remedy for many bodily diseases. In England, as we all know (but not in Scotland), the purchase of buns hot from the oven is one of the recognised modes of observing Good Friday. The bun is somewhat spicy inside, and has a sugary glaze on the top, with a cross marked or stamped thereon. Whether it is eaten hot or cold, with butter or without, toasted or untoasted, each family decides according to circumstances; but the itinerant vendors (not so numerous now as of yore) all have pretty much the same cry. Who these vendors are, whence they come, and what is their occupation on the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, are questions left somewhat in mystery; for the people are evidently not all connected with the baking trade. That the buns are all hot, that they are crossed, that they are "one a penny, two a penny," are facts asserted in a very determined and unanimous way

by the vendors. And herein is suggested a speculation—why are hot cross buns always the same price? Do we get an advantage when flour is cheap in the market; and if not, why not? Do Tom, and Dick, and Lizzy, and Carry, when they assemble round the breakfast-table on hot cross bun day, and look out for their due share of these luxuries, do they observe that the buns are bigger in some years than others, as they ought to be when the four-pound loaf sells for sixpence instead of eightpence or ninepence? Alas, we fear that the conventional size of the hot cross bun, like that of the muffin or the crumpet, is calculated on the basis of a dear year in Mark-lane; and that the makers quite forget to give the public the benefit of any lowering in the price of wheat. And the pastrycooks are equally sinners in this way; a penny bun is a penny bun, always the same size at the same shop, whether prices be high or low. And so of all the pleasant buns and cakes. Bath and Banbury, Shrewsbury and Yorkshire, breakfast and wedding, currant and Savoy, sponge and seed, pound and rout, school and Twelfth Night: and all the biscuits — captains', Abernethy, seedy, Brighton, buttered, Naples, rout, picnic, wine, cracknel—do we get our due penny-worth when flour is cheap?

Early in the present century, there were two noted bun-houses at Chelsea, to which the young folk of middle-class families were wont to take a ramble across the fields, long since occupied by labyrinths of stucco-fronted houses. The visitors sat on seats under shady awnings in front of the houses, and there enjoyed the delicacy of Chelsea buns. Each house, of course, claimed to be better than the other; the one as the Chelsea Bun-house; the other as the real old original Chelsea Bun-house. Most probably they were as nearly on a level in merit as the numerous Johana Maria Farinas at Cologne.

There is abundant evidence that the hot cross bun, the Good Friday bun, had a religious origin. In very remote Greek days, sacred cross-bread, called *Bouv*, was offered up to the heathen deities as a sacerdotal ceremony; the bread was made of fine flour and honey. If this be so, then bun has a very classical origin indeed, in being derived from *Bouv*. This *Bouv* came from *Bovs*, ox or cattle; and the name was applied to the cake or bun because a representation of two horns was stamped upon it. The bun was usually purchased by the worshippers

at the entrance of the temple, taken in by them, and eaten during the sacrificial ceremonies. In times somewhat later, but still ancient, a cross was substituted for the bull-horns on the bun; and we are told: "At Herculaneum were found two small loaves about five inches in diameter, marked with a cross, within which were four other lines. Sometimes the bread had only four lines altogether, and then it was called *quadra*. The bread had rarely any other mark than a cross, which was on purpose to divide and eat it more easily. Similar loaves were discovered in a bakehouse at Pompeii." When the Christian Church gradually supplanted heathen usages, buns were retained; they were made from the same dough as the host or consecrated wafer, but were not themselves consecrated; they were distributed by the priest to the people after mass, just before dismissal. Less solemn than the wafer or host, they had still a sacrificial character about them: the cross marked on each bun having a new symbolic meaning imparted to it. And so, by an intelligible process, they became specially associated with one particular day in the year. And now we eat the buns, hot and spicy, once a year, without thinking of Greeks or Jews or Romans, of *Bouv* or ox horns or temples. There is still to be seen, in some of our peasants' houses, a bun which hangs from the ceiling from one Good Friday to the next; it is regarded as a preservative against evils.

Whether Sally Lunn still makes tea-cakes, we do not know; but such cakes are certainly among the kinds of dainty bread which have a curious history, if we only choose to ferret it out. And so are hot rolls, those stuffy, puffy aids to indigestion.

#### WHITHER?

ALL spangled are the beech trees, with motes of autumn gold,  
And 'neath their spreading red leaves is many a love-tale told:  
O'erclouds the sky with shadow, the thunder showers fall,  
And fade away the sunbeams—away beyond recall.

The babbling brook o'er-ripples the pebbles smooth and white,  
The water-lilies quiver, and tremble in the light:  
Arise the wind and tempest, from whence we may not know,  
The brook becomes a torrent, away the lilies flow!

The prisoned lark is straining his little throat to raise  
The song that once on green turf he sang to Heaven's praise:  
His shrill sweet notes ascending, in melody uprise,  
Re-echoing till their music is lost amid the skies.

Ah! Whither go the gold motes, and where the lilies  
white,  
Borne onward by the torrent, resistless from our sight?  
And whither goes the brooklet, and where the birdie's  
lay  
Is it unto that Hereafter, whither all must pass away?

### PARENTAL RIGHTS.

SCENE.—A court, leading out of another court which communicates indirectly with Drury-lane. Enter little girl carrying a baby. To her enter second little girl, much bedabbled with mud, and generally disordered, as though newly returned from some unauthorised expedition.

First little girl: "Ah, your mother's looking after you everywhere. She's in such a way. Wherever have you been?"

Second little girl (crying): "Only along with all the others in the Lane."

First little girl: "Ah, well, when your mother gets hold of you she says she'll skin you."

Exit second little girl, sobbing, to her fate.

The above scene is one among many others of a like sort which the writer has witnessed, and by which the peculiar nature of the relation between mother and child, as developed among certain classes of society, is plainly set forth. Such scenes are unhappily far from uncommon. Any one who is in the habit of passing through the low neighbourhoods of London, will meet every day with continually recurring instances of the most cruel neglect and ill-usage of children by their mothers. It is a dreadful thought, but it is true, nevertheless, that to many children's ears that word mother—soft and sweet-sounding to most of us—must simply be a word of terror, embodying an idea of the most repulsive and alarming kind. There are many of these "mothers" who never seem to say a kind or pleasant word to their children from one year's end to another. Objections, scoldings, threats alone come from those maternal lips.

Nor is mere neglect and simple savagery all that these poor little ones have to endure. They suffer from a certain complication and compound interest, so to speak, of ill-usage. Thus, the child is neglected and allowed to run wild, and to get into all sorts of scrapes by the mother. This the father discovers and fiercely resents. The mother, enraged at such resentment, transfers it to the unhappy infant. "Why don't you look after that child?" says the father, coming in cross from his work, and having just seen

the infant in question wallowing in the gutter, and covered with dirt as with a garment. This is a commencement of hostilities, like the first gun fired in an engagement. It is responded to fiercely, and it is not long before hard words lead to harder blows. Of course the mother wreaks her vengeance for all upon the unhappy child, which, after all, has only been following its natural instincts in making mud-pies in the gutter.

"Sarah Jane," screams Alma Mater, standing at the entrance of the court in which home (!) is situated, with arms akimbo, with a black eye recently acquired, hideous, vindictive, terrible. "Just you come here, you little devil."

Now, is any good purpose in this world fulfilled by the leaving of this mother and this child together? I know that the inquiry has a startling sound, but still I cannot help asking, would it be detrimental to any human creature under the sun if these two were separated? Do they benefit each other in any possible way? Is the bringing-up which falls to the lot of that little one a bringing-up that can by possibility conduce to good? Is it not almost certain that a child growing up in the midst of such scenes will in time come to be imbued with the spirit of them, and will, as soon as she is big enough, inflict on others the same brutality of which she herself has been the victim?

It is perfectly impossible to put this case too strongly. As I write, the bad work is going on and prospering. The poison seeds are being sown, and the deadly growth which follows is being nurtured and cultivated. In a thousand homes—to call them so—children are being reared in the midst of sights which children should not see, and of sounds which children should not hear. Not one of those softening and humanising influences which are needed for the developing of the good and the repressing of the evil, of which the germs exist in every one of us, are brought to bear upon these little foredoomed wretches. And we allow it. We let these human creatures be in their misery, and take no steps—or none that are adequate—to raise them out of it. We dread a deterioration in our breed of horses, and take counsel to avert so terrible a calamity, and we let our breed of men sink into what any one who will take the trouble to frequent the poorer quarters of our town will own to be a very abyss of degradation.

What seems to be needed is some system,



arranged on a more extensive scale than any at present in operation, for the rescuing of children who, though not orphans in the strict sense of the word, are to all intents and purposes both fatherless and motherless; since those who do as a matter of fact bear the parental relations towards them fail in all the duties which that relation should imply. Almost all the undertakings for the benefit of destitute children, at present in existence, are organised for the exclusive benefit of those who are orphans in the literal sense of the word, and fail to supply the need of neglected children whose parents are still living. Such children, however, are often really worse off than actual orphans, these last having, at all events, a chance of being placed out in institutions, where they are more or less carefully looked after, whilst the others, being supposititiously under the care of their parents, are left, virtually, without any protection or succour whatsoever. It is on behalf of children such as these—orphans in every sense of the word except the literal one—that appeal is here made. Their misery is extreme, but it is eminently capable of relief.

It is not even necessary to visit personally the localities where these things go on in order to be able to form some estimate of the unhappy condition of the "gutter children," as they have got to be called, of London. Details of cruelty, neglect, and ill-usage inflicted on helpless children by their parents, are to be met with in almost every newspaper that we take up. In a recent number of the Times newspaper a case is reported which is a fair specimen of many others. A man named G. Phillips and his wife, says the report, were brought up for cruel ill-usage and neglect of the son of the male prisoner. The boy had run away from home to the house of a neighbour, who had heard him crying bitterly, and shrieking, "Oh, don't father—don't!" The neighbour—a woman—found the boy with his face and ears cut, and taking him to her room, asked him who had done this. He said his father. He was so hungry that he took up a crust which was lying on the window-sill, and began to gnaw it. When examined by the surgeon, the child was found to be suffering from cutaneous disease, was covered with vermin, and partly demented. He had several wounds on the head, caused by some hard instrument, and "round the arm there was a bruise two inches wide, probably caused by a strap or cord." More details of cruelty follow, and

the case is brought to a conclusion thus: "The same man had been charged previously with neglect of another child, which was found lying in some quicklime, for the sake of the warmth."

It would be useless to sicken the reader with more cases of the same kind—cases of children sent out by their parents to beg or steal, and cruelly beaten if they came back empty-handed; of others tied up like wild beasts, and neglected till their whole bodies were a mass of disease and filth, or kept in such a condition of starvation that they were glad to devour garbage from which a dog would turn in disgust. Such things go on among us, and, unspeakably painful as it is to face such facts, it is cruelty to ignore them.

One curious instance of unworthiness on the part of a mother to have charge of her child came to light the other day at the Clerkenwell Police Court, and may properly be quoted here. A woman had sold her son in January last to a showman, who agreed to pay her twelve pounds a year, and to allow the boy to write to her once a month. The child is now probably being taken about the country, but the mother has lost all trace of it since Nottingham Races. It certainly seems clear that the care of a child should not be intrusted to one who sells it thus to the highest bidder as if it were a slave.

But the children who are subjected to these extremes of misery are not the only members of our younger population who need our help. There is besides a class—to all appearance rather on the increase than otherwise—of what may be called vagabond children, whose existence it is impossible to regard with any feeling except one of great dissatisfaction. As one passes along the streets—and this not by any means exclusively in those "low neighbourhoods" before spoken of—one is beset by crowds of mere children holding copies of cheap newspapers or boxes of fuses in their hands, and uttering shrill cries of "Echo, sir?" or "Cigar-lights, sir?" Sometimes half a dozen little creatures will thus clamour for custom all at once, all thrusting their wares at the passers-by at the same time.

Now it would surely be impossible to find any person possessed of an average allowance of common sense who would have the audacity to assert that these mere children may be allowed to "pick up a living" thus about the streets with impunity. To enable a human creature to pass through life

creditably to himself and profitably to others, a set of qualities are needed which can hardly be acquired by a bringing-up of this sort. Habits of industry and of systematic application, a certain amount of self-control, and the attainment of some degree of skill in doing some one particular thing, are acquirements without which it is hardly possible for any one in any sphere of life to do well, and these are hardly to be gained by selling Echoes and cigar-lights about the streets, or by turning somersaults alongside of omnibuses. That such a great number of vagabond children should be left thus to follow their own devices, and to find their way by all sorts of crooked paths to the workhouse and the jail, is one of the weakest of the many weak points in our London civilisation.

That something—much even—has been done already towards bettering the condition of the neglected children of London is a fact which must by no means be lost sight of. We have ragged schools, reformatories, homes for destitute boys, training ships, and the like, and lately there has been organised, under the auspices of a lady whose self-sacrificing benevolence will bear comparison with that of any one of those sisters of mercy who have adorned the history of Christianity, a system of emigration as applied to very young children, which is one of the most hopeful of the many good works which this age has originated. Miss Rye has been able both to discern exactly where aid was wanted, and where her interposition could be of the greatest practical value, and also to act on the discovery. In one word, she has been privileged to see that one of the most hopeful developments of philanthropy is the extension of a helping hand to the new generation, to those whose path in life is yet unchosen, and with regard to whom it is still a question—of what unspeakable importance to them and to us!—whether they shall go right or wrong.

Philanthropic undertakings may, for the most part, be classed under two denominations, the hopeful and the hopeless. To the last of these belong those good works which may be called simply palliative, and from which little permanent result can be anticipated. Under this classification must be placed such good deeds as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and giving shelter to the houseless, all forms of parish relief, the provision of cheap or gratuitous dinners, the establishment of soup-kitchens, and the like. These are

acts of mercy concerning which it may be said that it is necessary they should be performed, since temporary good is at any rate effected by them, and human creatures kept alive and relieved from sufferings of the acutest kind. For the most part, however, the good which is thus effected is only temporary. The sufferers who were hungry, and cold, and houseless, and whom you have fed, and clothed, and sheltered, will require such relief again after the lapse of a very short space of time. The satisfying of the wants of the indigent and suffering in this way is something like the administration of palliatives in cases of incurable disease. It is the best, indeed the only thing to be done, but it can lead to nothing.

The really hopeful and encouraging among philanthropic undertakings are those by which not only is some good object—as the relief of need—attained, but permanent good done as well. Among these hopeful developments of charity are to be classed all those enterprises which have for their object the reclaiming of a human creature from a bad and hopeless career, and then giving him a fresh start in one that is hopeful. All enterprises connected with emigration, all schemes by which workmen are transferred from places where they are not wanted to places where they are, belong to this classification; and those who promote them will have the satisfaction of feeling that they are engaging in a work which is not only immediately, but prospectively good.

But of all the hopeful forms of philanthropy in which it is possible for men or women to engage, those which have for their object the education of the young are immeasurably the most promising. There is, if we begin early enough, nothing to undo here. In that other development of benevolence just spoken of, as among the more hopeful charitable schemes—the rescuing, namely, of grown-up men and women from want, and what want leads to—there is, because of the large amount of undoing which has to be effected, always much that is discouraging. Bad habits have to be conquered, bad principles to be unlearned, and bad influences to be counteracted, before better can be brought to bear. But in the case of young children there is no necessity for such previous unlearning.

There is no doubt that the practical carrying out of any measure calculated to meet the exigencies of the case before us must always be attended with enormous difficulty. It is useless, and worse than use-

less, to shut our eyes to this fact, or to shrink from facing the obstacles which stand in the way of any scheme for improving the condition of the destitute children of London. One of the first of these obstacles is the difficulty, to speak plainly, of getting the children away from the father and mother, who are obviously unworthy of their sacred trust. Yet in some instances this would need to be done. In cases where it could be proved by the evidence of the clergyman of the parish, of the doctor, of the police authorities, or even by the concurrent testimony of neighbours, that the parents of a certain child, or of certain children, were, owing to drunken habits, or criminal propensities, or any other cause, wholly unfit, and likely to continue unfit, to hold the destinies of such child or children in their hands, it would certainly be desirable to deprive them for a time of their parental rights and to disparent them—if the coinage of such a word may be allowed—just in the same way as we disfranchise a constituency which has proved itself unworthy to exercise the electoral rights which originally belonged to it.

It is better to acknowledge at once that any attempt to carry out a proposal of this sort would be met with a considerable amount of disapproval. We should hear that we were outraging nature; that we were attempting to dissolve one of the most sacred ties that bind human beings together; that the proper persons to bring up a child are that child's parents, and a great deal more to the same purpose. The answer to all this is, however, very simple. Undoubtedly the proper persons to bring up a child are its parents, but if they fail to do so—what then? The proper person to live with a wife is her husband, but if he ill-use her we forbid him to live with her, and take her away from him by law. Why should not the same dissolution of a tie be possible between parent and child? Why should not the man who ill-uses his child have it taken from him?

But it is not necessary that a separation so complete as that between the divorced husband and wife should be effected between the parent and child in the case we suppose. It might be temporary and it might be conditional. No legal enactment would or could alter the fact of the child being the son or daughter of its parents. All that the law could do would be to deprive the parents of the right to direct or influence the bringing-up of their offspring in cases where it could be distinctly proved that

such influence was only likely to be used for the worst purposes.

But even supposing that a law were enacted which, for a certain time and under certain circumstances, would emancipate the child from the misrule of a cruel or neglectful parent, we should still not be by any means at the end of our difficulties. To relieve bad parents altogether of the expense and trouble of bringing up their offspring would be a proceeding fraught with dangerous consequences, would be releasing this particular class from their responsibility in an undue degree, and in some sort offering a premium for the encouragement of parental neglect. We should, in fact, be gradually accustoming the lowest and worst-conducted classes among us to expect that their children should be brought up for them at other people's expense; a state of things which would be highly agreeable to this particular section of society, no doubt.

Of course, the simplest way of solving this difficult question would be to establish some system of taxation by which the parent whom, because of his unfitness to discharge the parental duties, you would deprive of all control over his child, would still be compelled to pay for its support. But it would be necessary that only a very small sum should be exacted for such a purpose, because the difference made in the expenditure of a child's parents by relieving them of what is called "its keep" would be, in reality, exceedingly slight. The cost of bringing up a child when, as is the case with the class whose ways we are considering, it is not brought up at all, but simply allowed to scramble up as it can, is incredibly little. The parents of such a child buy scarcely any extra food on its account. They feed it on scraps. They do not take in milk on its account, but give it a sup of muddy beer now and then, or some of their miserable tea. The family live in one room. The same amount of space would be required if the child were not there, so that nothing extra in the way of rent is expended on its account. Very soon it begins to earn, or beg, or steal a little itself, thereby diminishing still more the cost of its maintenance.

To expect, then, that a sum, sufficient for the comfortable and decent maintenance of a child, can be got from parents who have never been in the habit of spending a third or even a fourth part of such sum on its support, would be entirely irrational and preposterous. Some system might possibly

be hit upon by which the father of the child might be made to contribute something towards its bringing-up, but the contribution would, at best, be only a very small one, and in no way adequate or sufficient. This rescuing of children is a work which must, of necessity, cost money, and which can only prove remunerative in the long run. Present outlay there must be, but it is an outlay that sooner or later is sure to prove remunerative. Remunerative in saving much future expenditure in the maintenance of jails and penitentiaries; remunerative in reducing the losses sustained by the community through the depredations of that criminal class which such enterprises as are here advocated would serve materially to keep under; remunerative in diminishing the number of those who apply for pauper relief, and for whom, in all sorts of ways, contributions are so incessantly levied on the benevolent public. Many are the ways in which this kind of outlay would repay us, but surely, most of all, in furnishing us with the assurance—confirmed by the reports which reach us constantly of the success of all attempts to benefit destitute children—that we are saving helpless infants, not alone from present suffering, but from future misery, and turning not a few human creatures, who, but for such help, would infallibly have become either useless incumbrances or positive pests to the community, into decent citizens, useful to their fellow-men, and happy in themselves.

As to the practical working of the different projects which benevolent men and women have set on foot for the benefit of neglected children, the reported results seem in every case to be such as must satisfy the most exacting critics. But one tale is told by all who are engaged in such undertakings. The work in every case "goes bravely on." In the last report of the committee which superintends the Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, it is put on record that "since the commencement of the work in 1843 there has been nothing but progress and success." In this same report it is stated that as many as five hundred and twelve boys and girls are entirely provided for, some on board the training ship *Chichester*, some at the country home or farm school at Bisley, and some at the other schools connected with the institution. At the recent New Year's treat given to the children who are being brought up under the society's care, the young sailors and the

young farmers appeared in their uniforms, clean, wholesome, and happy, enjoying their present existence, and likely to enjoy the future which was before them. When one thinks what would have been the condition of these very boys if they had been left unaided in the squalor of their "homes," the rescue which has been effected in their case seems almost like heavenly work, and we are tempted to wonder that undertakings of this kind are not started on a still larger scale than any hitherto organised, and that the nation generally does not recognise this work of arresting children in the downward path, and leading them in ways of pleasantness, as really the one especial task which, before all others, it should set itself to accomplish.

#### A LADY'S VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES

I KNEW as little whither or how I was going, as I knew what an actual Dolomite was like. It was all guesswork. I had never read Gilbert; I could get no books at that time. I was alone with my maid—brought by accident into Italy over the Brenner Pass.

I was so far instructed as to know that Brixen, one of the mountain stations of the Brenner Pass, was a good starting-point. At Brixen, therefore, I left the train; the night was dark, the roughest and dirtiest of omnibuses waited for passengers; the people were perfectly civil, but spoke an unintelligible patois, neither Italian nor German. It was clear that with the train I had taken leave of civilisation.

Brixen is a mile from the railway, through the valley. Arrived there, I was conducted to the Elephant, the dirtiest, noisiest, and most impossible hostelry that ever hung out a sign. The place was crowded, the single waiter distracted, eating impossible. I was offered a room beside the kitchen, which I declined, and finally rushed out into the dark and dirty streets to seek some quieter and cleaner quarters. They were found at the Golden Star, where the neatest and kindest, though ugliest, of German maidens rose up to receive me, fed me, treated me like a Christian, and finally left me, after much kindly sympathy, to sleep in peace. Let other adventurous ladies, landing as I did, lost in the night, bear in mind this humane hostess. With the morning came the question, when and how was I to proceed? Brixen having no



attractions whatever of its own, it was abundantly clear that I *must* proceed, and at once. After some search I found the office of the coach, or eilwagen, where some very rude Austrian officials condescended to give me tickets for the coupé to the furthest point the eilwagen reaches, Niederndorf: a town not in, but bordering on the delectable country I sought. We started next day in a very shabby conveyance at six o'clock in the morning. The weather was fine, which, as the month was September, and the summer season soon breaks up among these mountain regions, was special good luck. Not to confuse unacquainted readers, I here note that this is the only carriageable road through the Dolomite country, and that it terminates at Belluno and Venice.

I am an old traveller, and what between sleep induced by the early start, and an unemotional state of mind produced by frequent appeals during many years to the organs of admiration, I must confess to little enthusiasm during this traverse of the green hills of Tyrol: almost monotonously green with emerald pastures of the finest grass, green with forests of pine clothing the lower limbs of the heights, mounting through the rocky rifts and lonely glens to the grassy summits, altogether an exuberance of verdure characteristic of Tyrolese scenery.

We mounted many steep ascents, passing Neustift and Schabs, and changing horses at Mühlbach. Here a foaming river made its appearance, accompanying us all the way. A higher plateau was reached, and the road became better and less precipitate, following a wide valley, which the driver informed us was the Pusterthal. Beautiful woodland everywhere, it was still very monotonous, and really did justify the malicious remark of a friend, that "the Tyrol is a bad Switzerland." Despondency crept over me. Had I come so far, was I desolate and alone in that jolting conveyance rumbling through this pea-green landscape, was I hungry, sleepy, and tired, for a sufficient recompense? Would the Dolomites reward me? Should I really see these long dreamed of mountains? or would they, like cloud spectres, melt into the heavens? What, too, was to become of me at Niederndorf? Should I be drifted off, a prey to some brigand driver, into distant countries where I did not desire to go? Should I be robbed, frightened, lost perhaps, and after all not see those Dolomites for which I was risking so much? Dismal fancies such as these sat

heavy on my soul in the morning hours as we crept along with German deliberation through the forest-bordered valley. I believe I was dreaming and had a nightmare, caused by the weight of the Dolomites.

At Brunecker we woke up. The sun shone out hotly, and bathed the valley, the meadows, and the wooded hills with golden light. A clean and cheerful little town swarmed with honest-looking peasants, for it was market-day. A large and neatly-appointed inn, with smiling, kindly people, welcomed our arrival. Above the town stood a castle, a feudal remnant of imperial power; but, alas! the forest around was felled, and fields and cultivation entail baldness and ugliness. Still I had been told that Brunecker was the portal to the promised land. Determined to see all that presented itself, and to strain my eyes for the first glimpse of the Dolomites, I got on the box beside the driver—not the brigand deceiver of my dream, but an honest, stupid peasant, decorated with a horn, on which he blew with more zeal than discretion. On we went through the Pusterthal by the same river, dividing the same line of hills we had traversed since morning. Clouds came down upon the summits—light floating clouds, that shut up the lateral valleys, and veiled the upper summits. It was clear that, mounting by easy but continual ascents, we were reaching a very considerable elevation. The undulating grassy heights gradually separated and broke into distinct points—rocky and isolated, forcing downwards the ever-climbing forests to a lower level. Were it not for those clinging clouds, I believe Dolomites might have been seen up the stretches of the lateral valleys, but they were wrapped in mist.

At two o'clock we reached Niederndorf, a bright little town, lying cosy in the sunshine. The inn was homely, but comfortable, and we were received with the hearty welcome of valued and expected guests. What a contrast to the insolent indifference of the extortionate Swiss, so overlaid with customers, that they bestow their rooms and entertainment with the reluctance of a forced gift, although demanding profuse remuneration! Here—where the advent of the eilwagen and of rare tourist passengers was the event of the day—the whole establishment, including dogs, goats, and poultry, gave us hail. We were led to the guest-chamber, where an abundant and excellent dinner smoked on the board. Fish from the river, game from the hills,

meat boiled and roast, served with those luscious jams dear to German appetites, concluding with cakes so light and snowy, they would not have disgraced the counter of a Parisian confiseur. A cheerful and courteous waitress, her money-bag by her side, glorying in the good cheer she presented, pressed each delicacy on our notice, and with that friendliness peculiar to unsophisticated Germans, insisted on dispensing such prodigious "portions," that I was fain privately to bestow much on the attendant dogs, who hovered round the feast, regardless of her oburgations, threats, and occasional kicks. Two travellers sat at a side-table drinking beer, and wreathing us in clouds of tobacco-smoke. Altogether we composed ourselves unconsciously into a Dutch picture.

By this time I had discovered where I was going, and, better still, how I was to go. The eilwagen we had left, and in which we could only ticket ourselves thus far, proceeded at the conclusion of this Homeric feast to Lienz, on the high road into Carinthia. At the door of our inn stood another vehicle, dignified as the courier or post-carriage, which traversed the very heart of the Dolomite region to Cortino and the valley of the Ampezzo, hence to Belluno, touching the Trieste rail at Conegliano.

Our lines had fallen in pleasant places; we were the only passengers: the coachman, both courier and letter dispenser, with a prospective view to a thaler, invited me to mount beside him on the box, having observed my partiality to that position, promising me ample time to gaze, or even to halt, at any points specially noteworthy. Thus all fears vanished, as had the clouds meantime from the mountain tops: sunshine diffused itself both within and without. I was not on the road to Carinthia or the Danubian provinces. The Dolomites must shortly become visible, and I had a fair prospect of sleeping peacefully in any bed I might select along the route.

At what precise moment ignorance became knowledge, and curiosity ceased, is a question I have vainly endeavoured since to ask myself. A minute analysis of how strange things and stranger facts force themselves spontaneously upon the mind in conscious presence is impossible, for thought is electric, and defies the slowness of any analytical process. I cannot, therefore, recal what I felt on first realising the desire of years, and actually feasting my eyes on a Dolomite. Besides, on approaching by this route they creep upon you un-

awares, the adjacent mountains gradually assuming singular and fantastic shapes, increasing in eccentricity until the actual presence of these wondrous giants burst upon you—a phantasmagoria of form and colour. Their splintered sides and many-spiked peaks, sharp as sword-points, perpendicular as a line, or rounded into slender domes, with here and there projecting rocks breaking the fantastic outlines, are all of calcareous stone, now warmed by the hot sun into roseate pink or lurid red, otherwise ghastly white. It is difficult to liken such weird forms to any known object, but at the moment they reminded me of glorified masses of crystallised spa, ten and twelve thousand feet high. Geologists say that they may be coral reefs of antediluvian seas, washed bare by the waters of endless centuries. Of this I know nothing, but the unearthly character of these fantastic zigzagged cliffs, so fragile that one wonders the wind does not rend them asunder, is utterly distinct from any other created thing. A lifetime might be passed among mountains and yet not the faintest conceivable image be got of these.

Leaving the main road to Lienz, along which we had hitherto journeyed, a short turn to the right presently plunges into a deep and narrow pass, black with fir-woods, its entrance guarded by grandest portals of Dolomites. A lonely lake with reedy shores (its waters green with the shadows of the forest), nestling under the steep mountain sides, gives the finishing touch to this sublime solitude. The gloom and silence are absolutely appalling alone with these awful mountains, ghastly pale, or strangely red, as the sunlight comes and goes—towering aloft out of the deeply shadowed woods into the blue sky.

From the time one enters this wondrous pass, along which the road follows the shores of the river Rienz, through dense woods, feebly endeavouring to encroach upwards towards the summits, where not a single shrub or blade of grass ever grows, none but Dolomites are visible. I had invoked them, and they appeared horribly, appallingly beautiful.

For more than an hour we followed this pass, bordered by terraced mountains, growing wilder as we advanced, the summits thickening in sharper clusters, while other peaks, and spires, and domes thrust themselves forward from behind, up lateral valleys, over perpendicular cliffs, showing that the whole land was a sea of Dolomites.

This pass, after some six miles, ends in a lonely plain of sterile meadows, hemmed in by lofty mountains, with a black tarn, beside a solitary house. This single house—an inn—is called Landro; and here we changed horses, and were greeted by a most pleasing and intelligent landlady, whose genuine love for her native mountains, and her desire that they should appear with all becoming splendour, was quite touching. The creature comforts here are well cared for—but it is a spot where those who love “to sup of horrors” in the way of scenery may be content.

I walked out beside the little lake on the flowerless grass. In front, rising sheer from the plain in one huge mass, cleft into many-pointed spires, stands Monte Cristallo, eleven thousand feet high. As its name implies, it is white and transparent, and in its jagged and tormented bosom lie glaciers and snow-drifts. I hope I shall not be thought fanciful if I own the sight of it made me shudder—it looked like the ghost of a mountain, a something horrible and supernatural; it was so strangely pale, so deathlike, with grey mysterious mists stealing over its broken surface. Yet was it beautiful in spectral beauty.

The whole scene comes to me like a vision; the dreary woods over the lower heights, the pale Dolomites above, mountains everywhere, walling us up as in a fantastic prison-house. To the left, looking through a rocky cleft of many thousand feet, rose the splintered cliffs and clustered points of the Drei Zinnen, nearly ten thousand feet high. Of peculiarly calcareous stone, porous and fragile-looking, it sharply cuts against the sky in forms of towers and battlements, like some Titanic fortress, the cloud-home of the spirits ruling these awful solitudes.

I had decided to follow the fortunes of the eilwagen as far as Cortina, in Ampezzo, where it stopped for the night. Our road terraced along a wooded valley, the Höllenthal, through Dolomites, which lay on either hand, too numerous to have special names, a perfect fastness of mountains. As the night approached and the shadows became deeper, the weird individuality and almost human expression of some of these misty giants, strange, abrupt, and unlooked for, became almost oppressive. I came to think that they were mountains run mad. Specially fearful was a high pile of rock, standing somewhat apart, the Geislstein, with great red stains like blood on its shaggy sides.

It was a great relief to see human faces, and hear voices, to break the weird influence that would creep over one. Schludersbach is a pleasant country inn, a capital starting-point for excursions to the ghostly Monte Cristallo, whose pale pointed peaks were still visible, and to the Lake of Misurina, a basin hollowed out in its sides. The altitude of all these mountains is very great, but with some huge exceptions they are all so much on the same level that the eye becomes accustomed to a scale of ten and twelve thousand feet without surprise, especially as they are clustered together, and no lower summits appear with which to compare them. The road, invariably excellent, gradually mounts towards the blood-stained rock, which shuts in and terminates this valley. Arrived at a considerable height, the mountains divide, and yonder below, down a chasm, opens up an extensive prospect over the broad and well-watered valley of Ampezzo, rich with wood, and corn, and fragrant grass, bordered and sheltered by lines of interlacing mountains. To the left, heading a rocky pile, are the ruins of Peutelstein Castle; to the right, towering over the lesser Dolomites, rises Monte Tofana, while to the left the spectral Monte Cristallo unfolds its glassy cliffs. These are the giants of the land, on whom wait crowds of nameless vassals, over whom they tower in majestic sovereignty.

The Ampezzo valley once reached, down a zigzagged road, I awoke from the Dolomite nightmare into which I had again fallen. Here were fields, houses, walls, signs of human vitality. The uncanny mountains are still there on either hand, grimly keeping watch, but away at a distance. The gloomy forests, and the river, dashing over and dividing the grey stones, no longer bar and narrow the road. The strange fantastic images that people those mysterious valleys are left behind in the shadows of the incoming night.

It was now past six o'clock, and almost dark. I had travelled all day. I had explored a new world—it seemed a month since I had left Brixen. I felt that I needed rest and food. Three miles along a flat road brought us to cheerful, white-walled Cortina (in Ampezzo), standing among bare fields like a toy town, with its toy church and campanile, and two hotels, painfully neat and civilised, and wide awake. Here the eilwagen drew up at the Post, and I sought the hospitable shelter of the Aquila Nera, a square house also of the toy pattern, suggestive of warmth, comfort, and good

cheer. The accommodation and cuisine I found to be homely, but excellent; the people extraordinarily civil. Cortina, although commonplace in itself, lies in the centre of the grandest Dolomite scenery up and down the Ampezzo valley, and is most conveniently situated for excursions.

Hitherto all had fallen out to my wish, but now disappointment awaited me. Picking up information along the road, I had intended taking horses at Cortina, and going over the mountains to Caprile by Monte Gusella, about seven hours distant. The path is good, and not at all steep, following, as I was told, only the lower spurs of the heights. At Caprile there is a charming inn, in the very centre of the most extraordinary scenery in and about Monte Cività and the whole of the Marmolata district, reached by horse-paths. I longed to leave the road and the eilwagen, and plunge again into the wild phantasmagoria of the mountains, but it was denied me. No horses could be had in Cortina at that time, it being rather late in the season, and they could not promise any either on the next or following days. Let those who desire to carry out such plans telegraph to Cortina, for, strange to say, there is a telegraph among these wilds following the postal road. From Cortina to Caprile, Agordo, and Bellerno, on foot or on horseback, is the shortest and easier route into the plains. But in the absence of horses, I was compelled to continue my journey next day, making a long détour by road, starting at nine in the morning by post-waggon, having booked myself direct to the rail at Conegliano. Here, in the broad Ampezzo valley, the peculiar features of the Dolomite scenery change, losing much of the stern and awful grandeur of the narrower passes. In an hour we found ourselves at the Austrian frontier, represented by an open gate painted black and yellow. The cross of Savoy, a dirtier but handsomer race of peasants, together with innumerable beggars, announced Italy. Passing Venas, where there is a very bad inn of the Italian pattern, the change from the clean and ample accommodation of the Tyrol is as sudden as unpalatable. The road winds for many and many a mile round the base of Monte Antalao, one of the loftiest of the Dolomites. Had I approached by the south instead of the north, and had this huge mountain, eleven thousand feet high, presented itself to me, standing apart, surrounded by its lesser satellites, it is possible I might recal it with greater

admiration. But I had grown fastidious, and Antalao, with its magnificent pinnacles blazing with magic colours in the morning sun, seemed to me but a great landmark pointing to the wonder-land behind. Opposite to Mount Antalao, across the Ampezzo valley, is Mount Pelmo, its fellow-Cerberus, with tall, obelisk-shaped summit. These two portals passed, the mountains gradually dwarf, and, although many of their peculiar singularities are perpetually cropping out, and reasserting themselves as being of the same fantastic race, still, spite of these spasmodic efforts, Nature gradually reassumes her usual aspect.

Our road, still in the Ampezzo valley, follows the course of a river to the small village of Tai Cadorre, the birthplace of Titian, on to Pieve di Cadorre, on a high hill about a mile distant, for the due delivery of the post-bags which we carried. Here the Ampezzo valley, properly so-called, ends, or rather amalgamates with another narrower pass (of Cadorre) continuing in the same eastward direction. Cadorre, the residence of Titian, where his house still remains, guarded by a jealous proprietor, unwilling to gratify general curiosity, is a bright, airy little place, perched up midway on a mountain-side. On a bluff, overhanging a deep glen, dark with woods, stands its ruined castle, and blind indeed must be those eyes, and little conversant with artistic matters, who do not recognise this bluff and this castle, with its scant and somewhat spiky firs, as having served Titian as a background in many a picture. Those mountains, which ignorant criticism has dared to censure as impossible, not only in his backgrounds, but in those of other Venetian artists, are nothing in the world but Dolomites, under whose shadows so many painters were born. So much has been written on the subject, that I cannot allow myself to expatiate on how the very shape of the stiff-larch fir-trees about Cadorre, stripped to the stem of their lower branches, and feathering out towards the tops, the villages crowning Dolomite excrescences, piled block upon block, like fortresses, the rich tints of the narrow valleys, shaded by chestnut woods, whose silvery trunks catch up the sunshine, all reminded me of "bits" by Titian.

A large portrait in fresco, under the town clock in the Piazza of Cadorre, recalls him, clothed in flowing robes of honour, brush in hand, to his fellow-citizens and the



country rustics assembled below, haggling over fruit, tomatoes, and lean fowls.

A tremendous ravine opens immediately under Cadorre, broken by rocks and woods and waterfalls, backed by mountains very Dolomitic in outline, down which our road descended for four miles.

At the bottom lies Peraïolo, a pretty town bordering the Piave, which here, swollen by the torrents of the pass above, becomes a broad and stately river.

All through that long and weary day we followed its banks, which, after a burst or two into Dolomite cliffs, calm down into the tranquil feature of a dull and fertile campagna. The direct road to Conegliano does not touch Belluno, but in our letter-carrying capacity we visited, perforce, that most unclean and wretched town. No time, however, is lost thereby, as, to those arriving from Ampezzo, the only train available that night from Venice arrives at Conegliano at three in the morning, reaching Venice in about two hours.

## IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was one of the few very hot days of that summer, and Mrs. Cartaret was up and dressed; not, as she declared, that she felt any better, but rather worse, after a sleepless night. It was in honour of her son, whom she expected back shortly, that she had had her fauteuil placed under the awning on the terrace, and now sat there clad in white raiment—a very peculiar figure, with her silver hair brushed back, and a huge green fan wherewith she tried to coax a little breeze up from the sun-struck sheet of water in the park below.

She was not alone. A visitor was with her, who had just come down by the London train. He sat in a garden-chair, which he had drawn close to hers—closer, I suppose, than any of her punctilious old French courtier friends would ever have done. But this man was neither punctilious nor a courtier—a shy man, on the contrary, only so deeply interested in what he was saying as to forget all else. We will take up the conversation at a point where the visitor, after pleading with all his eloquence the cause of a certain young lady, ended thus:

"Believe me, ma'am, I should not be here to-day, to try and disabuse your mind of the prejudice it has contracted—I confess

not without cause—about Miss Pomeroy, were I not as sure of her purity and nobility of soul as I am that there is a heaven above us!"

"Ah! sir, I loved her. I really loved the girl in those few weeks she was here. But to find that she was deceiving me and decoying my son all the time!"

"Decoying? You know her, indeed, very little to use such a word in connexion with her. It is evident that your mind has been poisoned on this subject."

"Bah! Perhaps you defend her conduct altogether? Perhaps you find it comme il faut for a young lady to run away from home, and make herself to be talked of by the servant's hall?"

"I do not defend her conduct in leaving her home as she did. I think she was highly blamable. But there are allowances to be made. She was young, high-spirited, and had suffered much. She felt that she did not belong to any one; that what was done for her was done more from a conventional necessity—more as an alms—than from love; and her independent spirit, when they tried to force a hateful marriage on her, could brook it no longer. That is the history of her running away. I don't defend it, ma'am; but at least there is some excuse for her, and, after all, she injured no one but herself by her exceeding folly."

"Sir, she has injured my son, and she has injured me. She has made us to quarrel—she has made Lowndes to say things, and to act in a way——" the old lady brushed the tears from her eyes. "It's very hard. I, who would have sacrificed my life to him, to have a little coquaine like this coming between us. When I begged him, when I prayed him to marry, why, out of all the world, must he go and choose this girl?"

"Because, out of all the world, she is the only one who has been able to inspire him with a real attachment."

"Bah! He does not know his own mind."

"It has not changed in six months' absence."

"Ah! so he says. He is obstinate, my dear sir, as a pig; and if I give way I shall seem to be a sottie, a weak old fool, to all the world."

"To the few whose judgments are worth anything, Mrs. Cartaret, you will seem a wise mother, who values the true interests of her son more than all the world's gossip. Is the world's opinion really worth so much

that you put it for a moment in competition with your son's happiness?"

"Ah! if it was really for his happiness! If I thought that—if I could be sure of it! Look you here, sir. Perhaps you think I am a selfish old woman who wants no belle fille to interfere with her authority? You are quite wrong. I am ready to make my paquet, and go board in a convent, and leave this clear for the wife of my son. But I will have that his wife shall be sans reproche, do you understand?"

The young man looked at her almost sternly for a moment. Then he said very gravely: "Who is without reproach in the eyes of God? Do you think your son is? Do you remember what his past has been—is there not much to be forgiven him? God judges not as man judges. The world's code is not His. Do you remember who it was who said, when an unfaithful wife was brought before him, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her'? Shall that divine lesson of charity be thrown away upon us, Mrs. Cartaret? If God were extreme to mark what has been amiss in our lives, which of us would escape? In this case, consider, has not the good she has done been far greater than the evil? Will you cast a stone—the stone that malicious people have put into your hand—at a girl who has wrought this blessed change in your son's life? She has been, and is, the good angel standing in his path, and turning him aside from destruction. Oh! Mrs. Cartaret, pause before it be too late. If you now withhold your consent, you are casting a stone at her which you will bitterly repent hereafter!"

He spoke with deep feeling, and the old lady's tears fell fast.

"Do you really believe that this change in Lowndes is all her doing? Ah! it is not possible; a girl like that to influence a man like Lowndes. No; it is incredible."

Miles looked at his watch.

"I have but five minutes more, Mrs. Cartaret. Excuse me for a moment, if I speak of myself. Do you know why I am come here to-day? Can you guess what feeling is strong enough to bring me from London simply for the purpose of having this conversation with you? It is the result of a struggle with myself, and of a fervent prayer that she whom I have loved better than anything on earth—yet feeling that my love was hopeless—for more than four years, might be made happy. After this avowal, Mrs. Cartaret (an avowal

which would be no news to your son), perhaps you will not expect me to doubt Miss Pomeroy's power. If it be so deep and lasting over a man whom she has never loved, what may it not be, under God's blessing, over your son? She has done much, she will do more, for she does love him. I have said all I can say. My small part is played. I take my leave, feeling sure, Mrs. Cartaret, that you will not wither the happiness of two young lives."

"Stay! Hollà, Dapper! Who is there? Bring some wine; you cannot go without a glass, sir. Will you not stay and see my son? He will be home directly."

"Thank you; I should miss the train; and Mr. Cartaret and I are not acquainted; he would not care to see me. My visit was to you alone, Mrs. Cartaret. Good-bye."

"You are a good man, a very good man. If all the curés were like you I would go to church oftener. I wish you would stay—I wish you would stay and see Lowndes. But, sir, you have eased my mind. I seem to see my way cleared. I did not know whom to believe, what to determine. After what you have said, I suppose there is no doubt, eh? I must yield; I must not throw stones. Well, my heart seems lighter, though my old eyes are full of tears. God bless you! You are a good man."

Lowndes, in his dog-cart, passed Miles close to the station. The curate recognised the young squire, of course, and walked straight on. A Frenchman, after rendering another a signal service, would probably have waived ceremony, and stopped to introduce himself; but Miles was an Englishman all over. Besides, he had no desire to speak to Lowndes; it would have been a painful effort to him. On the contrary, he had just done what he conceived to be his duty, and there was an end of it. Cartaret, on his side, stared, and wondered whether his eyes or his memory deceived him. He had a distinct recollection of Miles's face and figure. This could not be he, for what could he possibly be doing at Beckworth? but was there ever such a likeness? And so they passed each other, and went each his way, one to the hard crusts of life, the other to its cakes and ale.

Mrs. Cartaret got up as her son approached, stood on tiptoe, and fell upon his neck. There were the traces of recent tears on her cheeks, and, through her smiles, it was easy to see that she was in a state of considerable excitement. Lowndes

knew at once that something had happened.

"Well, mauvais garnement, and so you have seen her?"

"Yes, I have seen her. But what has come to you, mother? What is the matter? Has any one been here?"

"Yes, some one has been here; an angel with a red face, mon enfant."

"Nonsense! You don't mean— Then it was he, after all! But what on earth did he come here for?"

"Ah, what, indeed! What do angels generally come for?"

"I haven't an idea. I only know one. My acquaintance has been more the other way."

"Fi donc! But you are ranged now, mon fils, n'est-ce pas? You will have no more to do with naughtiness—hein?"

"That depends. Not if I have an angel always with me."

"Answer me one question, sir. Have you given up all your bad ways, for the sake of your angel? Foi de gentilhomme, is this truly her doing?"

"Solely hers. No other power on earth, I think, could have made me work."

"A pretty compliment to me, va-t-en! But no matter, if it is true; I will swallow the pill and not make a bad face. And now, sir, are you bent upon running away from your old mother, to-morrow?"

"He would have said yes, but something in his mother's face made him hesitate. Could it be that this curate, in the course of a short visit, had wrought the miracle, which Lowndes had been labouring for six months to accomplish, and had failed?"

"Perhaps it is the last request she will ever make of you," continued Mrs. Cartaret, stretching up to part the hair from his brow, and then holding his face tenderly, for a moment, between her fat little hands. "You, and Beckworth, and all will very soon pass away from her. The reins are slipping from her hands, and it is time that the old woman was unseated, isn't it?"

He said nothing, but caught her in his arms.

As he leaned out of his window that night, smoking a cigar, he had but one regret. "How I wish I hadn't passed him. That fellow is a trump. I would walk fifty miles to shake him by the hand. None of the fellows I know would ever have done such a thing. It's incomprehensible. Is it his religion, or is it his nature, that has made him what he is? Ah, Maud, this red-faced parson is worth a

dozen of me, if love went by merit. But, happily for me, it doesn't!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

MAUD was in the parlour, the following afternoon, entertaining a spinster friend of Mrs. Hicks's, who had called. But Mrs. Hicks was out, and the bore of talking and listening to this maundering, though no doubt very amiable, lady, devolved on Maud. She was at her wit's end. They had talked about the Queen; they had discussed whether Her Majesty would come out more next year or not. The visitor had repeated with pride some anecdotes of the princesses which she had captured, and which showed a sort of connexion, however remote, with the highest circles. After which, they had deplored the unusual drought, and lamented over the approaching flower-show, which was sure to be a failure, in consequence, and then they came to a dead stop. There is no knowing what subject the spinster, by her own unassisted efforts, would next have pumped up, but that a carriage, at that moment, stopped at the gate. Maud rose and went to the window. Was it another of these inflictions? She could see nothing by reason of the privet hedge, and sat down again, feeling that another visitor of this sort would be almost more than she could bear.

There was a minute's interval, and then the parlour-door was thrown open, and Mrs. Cartaret was announced.

Maud started to her feet, but she was conscious of nothing for a few seconds. Then her heart seemed to be rising in her throat; she stood there, she could not go forward, while the old lady advanced towards her, holding out her arms, and Maud fell into them. The spinster, fluttered at the entry of a county lady who had very seldom been seen in Salisbury, and, furthermore, by the demonstrative character of the greeting she witnessed, murmured some inaudible formula of farewell, and slid out of the room.

"My dear," cries Mrs. Cartaret, as soon as the door is closed, "I have done you horrible injustice. I have said all sorts of hard things of you; will you forgive me? I have come out here all this way to ask you; and if you will not, I shall go back and make my son miserable. I have been very angry—oh! I tell you frankly—I have been very angry, and I would listen to nothing he said. We have had a desperate quarrel. But in the end, see, it is not he

who has asked; it is I who have proposed to come to you, and alone, too. I have left him at the inn. What I do, I do by myself, of my own will. I am not dragged by the hairs of my head, hein? Do you understand?"

"I do, dear Mrs. Cartaret, and I appreciate it."

"I do not forget the past, Mary. If I lived to be a thousand years, I should still regret that we came to know each other as we did. But that does not prevent my seeing what you have done for Lowndes. It seems that love for you has ranged him at last. He will no longer dissipate his time upon nonsenses. He works steady, and sees no more bad company. Je vous en fais mes compliments. And I honour you for your proper pride. It seems that unless I come and say, 'Mademoiselle, do me the honour to become my son's wife,' you will not marry him? Well, I applaud you. I did the same myself—moi qui vous parle. I refused the heir to an old title, because his family did not receive me cordially. Therefore, I am come, you see, my dear, en personne, that you may be satisfied."

"And I am satisfied, dear Mrs. Cartaret, if I only know that the doubts you entertained about me are cleared. My conduct fully justified your suspicions, I admit. It was most natural that you should resent your son's attachment to me. I had but to bend my head and submit to your decree, whatever it was."

"Well, up to yesterday, my dear, I was obdurate. I was miserable, for I saw that Lowndes would never be the same to me again, until I gave in. But I was firm; for I thought it was for his future good, and I hated you. Then came one who talked to me for an hour, and to such good purpose, that all my fine resolutions melted away. There, can you guess who that was, petite? The young curé with the coupe rosé face. I could not resist the Church's eloquence; he put things in such a way! He talked such a beautiful religion, my dear. You have to thank him for it all."

"And I deserve so little at his hands!" said Maud, colouring.

"Ah! que voulez-vous?" cried the old lady, shrugging her shoulders. "C'est toujours comme ça! And now let us make short work of this. I chasséd you from

Beckworth as the maid: I invite you to return as its mistress. I am old, and horribly lazy. I lie in bed, and let things go—au diable! vrai—n'est-ce pas? My good Rouse and Dapper are treasures, petite—yes, treasures, but, somehow, I can't manage them any more. I shall be glad to give it all up, and to cry, 'La reine est morte—vive la reine!'"

"The queen never will die for me!" exclaimed Maud, throwing her arms round Mrs. Cartaret's neck. As she spoke the door opened, and Lowndes's radiant face beamed joyously upon the group before him. The next moment there was a sort of triune embrace, in which it was impossible to determine whose arms were round whose neck, and with this tableau it may be as well to let the curtain drop.

#### EPILOGUE.

READER, one word at parting. Let no young lady follow our Maud's example, anticipating like results. We agree with the county at large in thinking that she was "an uncommonly lucky girl." Starting from a false basis of principle, she had done her best to become an Ishmael, and, lo! Fate willed that the lot and inheritance of Isaac should be hers. Mrs. Cartaret still rules, in outward semblance, at Beckworth; but the sceptre has really passed, as she desired, into younger and stronger hands. His wife's influence over Lowndes has never waned, and she has found, at last, more peace and contentment than falls to the lot of most human beings, "in the state of life into which it hath pleased God to call" her.

---

#### MR. DICKENS'S NEW WORK.

Just Published, PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.  
PART SIX OF

#### THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. L. FILDES.

London: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

---

Just published, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

#### THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES OF

#### ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

---

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*